The Missionary Herald

VOLUME CXV SEPTEMBER 1919 NUMBER 9

YOU like that cover picture? So do we. And it is not a fancy picture either; it wasn't posed; it just happened.

The Call of the Blood

The two children of Rev. and Mrs. S. Ralph Harlow, of the International College, Smyrna, are playing on the shore by their summer home at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard. And John, with his advantage in years and wisdom, suddenly points eastward and calls to sister Ruth, "And Turkey's right over there."

So it is; right over there; and waiting for childlike faith and enthusiasm, inspired by the Christian message and method, to undertake its salvation. The eyes of the boys and girls of today may yet look out upon a Turkey redeemed. The child's finger points the way.

CABLE messages and letters from Secretary Barton make it clear that he was quickly back at his work after his release from his hospital experience. In company with Dr. Peet he made a rapid trip to Bulgaria, from which they returned to Constantinople the second week in July. Of the general situation in Bulgaria they say: "We found the people in a prosperous condition. The crops are good, the outlook for the fall and winter promising. The people are well fed. They look forward with apprehension to the outcome of the Conference at Paris, but they will be able to bear their share in the settlement which will issue from the deliberations there."

A Glimpse of Bulgaria

They were received with notable cordiality, and by state officials as well as by the mission communities and the people generally. Besides calls upon the Prime Minister and the Minister of Instruction, upon information that the King also wished to see them, they called at the palace and had a most interesting interview with the young ruler, who speaks English well and who referred in unstinted terms, as did the others, to the great value of the American Board's work for Bulgaria. Dr. Barton sums up what he saw in the following words:—

"Bulgaria is a beautiful country and I am most favorably impressed with the people. I hope the Big Four will not be too hard upon them, since they were driven into the war upon the side of Germany by their King, who was forced to abdicate when Bulgaria came to herself. They are industrious, sober, a physically strong people, eager for modern education, religion, liberty, and national righteousness. They are well worth working for."

RETURNING from Bulgaria, and after visits at Smyrna, Salonika, and Monastir, Secretary Barton planned in company with Treasurer Peet to leave Constantinople August 5, for a tour of the refugee districts in the Russian Caucasus. A United States destroyer was put at their service for the Black Sea voyage and it was hoped they should be able to penetrate as far as Erivan and Tiflis to see with their own eyes what are the conditions and the needs in that unsettled region.

And Now for the Caucasus

On the very day they were to start there was sent from Tiflis to the American Committee for Relief in the Near East in New York, by Mr. Yarrow, one of the Board's trusted and experienced missionaries engaged in relief work in the Caucasus, a disquiet-

ing cable message to the effect that British forces were leaving the Caucasus, that it was definitely known that Italian forces were not coming, as apparently had been promised, and that the inevitable result would be political chaos throughout the country. The fear was expressed that the remaining Armenians would be massacred, the one hope being in the immediate arrival of 50,000 American troops, a hope which viewed from this angle does not seem likely to be fulfilled.

Mr. Yarrow added that local feeling was strong that America was responsible for the situation, a statement which as it stands is not clear, unless it means that by delaying acceptance of the Peace Treaty, the United States is prolonging a critical situation in the Caucasus to such an extent that disaster may ensue. The personal safety of American workers and especially of the women workers in that region was recognized as causing concern unless help should be forthcoming. We look for further direct and definite word from Dr. Barton and Treasurer Peet as to the condition they find and what can be done about it.

Where the Clouds Darken

TEN days later than Mr. Yarrow's cable of August 5 came, through the public press, the report from a newspaper correspondent in London of an interview with Mr. Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, a member of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, in which Mr. Smith set forth with much detail the perilous situation of Armenian refugees in the Caucasus. He had come to England to protest against the withdrawal of British troops, had been in conference with high government officials, and spoke with utmost emphasis of the necessity of keeping Allied troops within the region of the Armenian republic, to prevent Turks, Kurds, Tartars, whose soldiers were now moving towards the borders of this republic, from dashing in to wipe out both the Armenian residents of the country and the mass of refugees who have fled there and who have been maintained by the relief work.

At the time of our going to press report had not appeared concerning the success of Mr. Smith's mission, whether the withdrawal of the British troops had been cancelled or delayed. It is devoutly to be hoped that some stay has been secured in the carrying out of a plan which in the judgment of sober-minded men on the ground was felt to involve the doom of the Armenian remnant north of the former Turkish border.

News dispatches from various sources bring confirmatory testimony as to the crisis which is being faced; one report is that Enver Pasha is the leader of the Turkish soldiers and that the Young Turks are instigating the movement. Premier Lloyd George, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons August 18, charged that the delay in arranging peace with Turkey was due to awaiting the decision of the United States whether she was prepared to take her share in guaranteeing protection to threatened and helpless peoples, and that pending America's answer Great Britain had occupied Turkish territory. We trust that she will stick a little longer and that this country will act upon the peace treaty and its related matters before the Turks effect another and a final and complete massacre of Armenians.

Cited for Distinguished Service

REPORTS have come from all sources, from fellow-missionaries, travelers, commissioners, ambassadors, of the superb heroism and devotion of the missionary women in our Turkey fields. "Even more wonderful than the men" was the tribute of a United States Minister at Constantinople. At several centers it chanced that women during the war time were left as the only occupants of the sta-

tion, the sole defenders of the property and protectors of the oppressed. Miss Graffam at Sivas, Mrs. Christie at Tarsus, Miss Vaughan at Hadjin, and Miss Jacobsen at Harpoot thus endured through long and racking months and even years the spectacle of constant torment and death, and the sharing of their people's sorrows and fears. Similarly at Mardin three women, Mrs. and Miss Dewey and Miss Graf, hung on with unfaltering courage when there were no men left in the station and they were practically cut off from all communications with the world outside.

Fresh and impressive testimony to the heroism of the women missionaries in Turkey has just come in a letter addressed to the American Board by the Board of Elders of Hadjin, and signed by its seven members. From their remote and isolated village, high in the Taurus Mountains, they have sent through Dr. W. Nesbit Chambers, of Adana, this expression of their heartfelt appreciation and gratitude for what Miss Vaughan has been to them through these desolating years. We pass on some sentences of the letter to our readers, reminding them that in substance it could be repeated for all these women who at their lonely posts have ministered in the spirit and in the name of Christ.

"She manifested her womanly love and sympathy at the very beginning of the disaster by taking under her care about forty girls—daughters of the deported people—and in spite of the government orders she ministered even to those condemned to death. That gentle American woman, Miss Vaughan, did not hesitate in the presence of any danger to 'defend the innocent and comfort the desolate.'

"During the four years of the war she kept the school open, and, without distinction, carried on the training of both boys and girls. In cases of sickness she rendered the services of a physician as well as nursing and giving food to the hungry. She mourned with desolate widows and mingled her tears with those of the orphans. There were times when her life was in danger, but she did not falter a moment.

"We have nothing to offer in recognition of this brave heart aside from deep and heartfelt gratitude and the expression of thanksgiving. We pray that the God of all grace may reward her, and also that His blessing may rest on your Society."

Missionary Mandatories

MANDATORIES! We are getting used to the word; and to the idea. And we all accept the principle although some may draw back from the application. It is right and highly desirable that some strong, efficient, and fair-minded powers should undertake to exercise supervision over infant nations, or those that are enfeebled or hard beset; that until an orderly and stable government can be established and the manifold dangers from within and from without that threaten national life can be reduced to a manageable number, the "big brother" states shall protect and guide their charges. Only so can we see a way out for the smaller or weaker states in the fierce struggle for national life. Men may protest that the United States is not able or qualified to take a hand in this work; they will hardly maintain that nobody should do it. And most Americans, if we judge public opinion aright, would feel unwilling to say that the United States should be excused from any such service.

However that may be, there is no doubt that every last man of us would say that if the United States accepted a mandatory, she ought to perform it; that it would be intolerable for her to fall down on the job; or to let others carry through their responsibilities in this line while she neglected hers.

In the development of foreign missionary work in these modern times, the various Christian denominations and their mission boards have divided

the fields and apportioned their peoples so as to distribute the responsibility and to prevent both overlapping and overlooking. This work has not been perfectly accomplished, but great strides have been made towards such dividing and bounding of responsibility. Certain fields have been delimited and assigned to the American Board and to its Congregational constituency; 75,000,000 people have thus been accounted as "belonging" to the American Board. The other communions look to us for the cultivating of these fields and these millions of mankind. And in a real sense, if in a general way, we have accepted this responsibility and have accounted these territories and these people as our care; in effect we have taken a missionary mandatory for them.

Now, if we fall down on the job, or fail to take it seriously and put our best into it, what will be thought of us? And what shall we think of ourselves? If the Methodists and the Baptists and the Presbyterians all rise to the call of their work in these challenging times, if they raise huge funds, and secure a host of recruits and move out with new and greater plans for the doing of their task, and we sit indifferently by or shake our heads wearily over so demanding a call and lament our inability to do what we acknowledge needs to be done, we shall be an unfaithful mandatory, a reproach to American Christianity, and a shame to ourselves.

We cannot, we must not, fail in this testing time. The Tercentenary at Plymouth, in 1920, summons the sons of the Pilgrims to take their mandatory and fulfill it.

A Young Man's Town

A RECENT letter from Rev. Rowland M. Cross, beginning his work as an American Board missionary among the students of Peking, calls attention to some results of a social survey of China's capital made during the past seven months, as reported at a meeting of the Peking Missionary Association:—

"The new census gives a population of 932,000, probably somewhat exaggerated. This would make 26,940 to the square mile, or twice that of Pittsburgh; and in Peking people all live in one-story buildings. With 63 per cent of the population men, and 62,000 men between the ages of 21 and 30, Peking certainly deserves the name, 'The young man's town.' The 'surveyors' will spend the summer gathering up their results, which will then be put into a pamphlet. It ought to open up new lines of work for the American Board's Teng Shih K'ou church, in a region which has been more intensively surveyed."

What career does any college or professional school graduate face in these days that surpasses the opportunity of one set to interpret and to impress the Christian ideals on the eager-hearted students that throng Peking? Who might not envy him his chance?

Socializing Industrial Japan

SOCIAL concern is making itself more and more felt in Japan's autocratic civilization. Newspapers are taking it up; government under the Hara ministry is considering the case of the workman and more especially the workwoman; the war has given impetus to the movement toward trade unions and other organizings of labor interests. The *Japan Advertiser* calls attention to the fact that, "apart from a few shipyards, the factory system as developed here is largely concerned with female labor, unassertive to a degree. In no industry are strong unions more necessary for the welfare of the workers than in the textile, for, except in one or two show factories, the conditions in which those girls produce the cheap cottons which form the foundation of Japan's export trade are pitiable. According to the latest particulars, as quoted by Professor Kawada, a member of the House of Peers, well known for his researches

into labor conditions, there are 500,000 female workers in the country, of whom 300,000 are girls under twenty. Seventy per cent of them live in the factories in conditions no better than those which disgraced England a century ago. Food is coarse. Hours are long. The girls coming from duty in the morning, after their night work, lie down on the crowded mats which the day shift has just vacated. Tuberculosis, the labor disease, is rampant. None can stand the strain for more than a year, when death, sickness, and desertion are the inevitable outcome. The consequence is that 80 per cent of the workers leave the factories every year; some go home to spread consumption, some to recruit the licensed quarters. It is a gloomy picture."

In this connection our attention has been called to a social survey of the city of Osaka, Japan, made by the Girls' English-Speaking Club, an organization composed chiefly of teachers in girls' high schools, whose conductor and animating force is Miss Amy McKowan, a Woman's Board missionary in that city. The document reporting the findings of this survey is interesting, not simply for the facts it contains—facts of population, administration, housing, health and hygiene, care of insane, charity organizations, recreation and industry—but for the significance of this unprecedented adventure in social investigation on the part of Japanese young women. There is a waking up in that empire, and not only on the part of Christians, to the social bearings and obligations of life.

The Interchurch World Movement

It is difficult to depict a growing concern, especially in the earlier stages of its life; when its features and its functions are developing and one does not feel sure just how big or how effective it will become. But it seems to be already certain that the Interchurch World Movement is to be a giant in its line, the very biggest and most comprehensive effort at coöperation in Christian work that the world has yet seen.

The idea of it was born in war time, and from the observation of how exigencies were met. It was recognized that victory came to the Allied armies when, and only when, way was found to work together under a unified plan. And when the need was sufficiently realized a way was found to get together; difficulties and reluctances all yielded to the absolute necessity of a united campaign. The value of a combined drive, which was shown in many coöperative undertakings during war time in this country, was once and for all established when the Allied and Associated Powers put the control and direction of their armies under one command.

The Interchurch World Movement is justified by the experience of the war. Here is a world shaken to its foundations; the great missionary lands are astir with a new restlessness, which we optimistically call the spirit of democracy. East as well as West needs as never before the Christian message. The urgency of the situation in this country is matched by an urgency in the non-Christian lands. Readjustment, enlargement, advance, these are the summoning words that confront all foreign missionary work as truly as all Christian work in our homeland. The task is too great, too difficult, too urgent, to permit of separate counsels and divided campaigns. We must get together; join our forces, unite our appeals, strike with well-directed blow after blow from one hammer upon the solid block of American Christianity until it shall break forth into a life-giving stream really to water the earth.

Quietly, but vigorously, the work of preparing for this united movement is under way. Surveys are being made at home and abroad that will reveal the exact facts both as to present accomplishment and pressing need.

It is impressive to note with what care and detail these inquiries are being made; on the foreign field they involve study by a host of missionaries and the scrutiny of mission organizations. It is a prodigious task, but it will produce results that when they are assembled, portrayed, and interpreted will make a commanding appeal.

Behind this plan the different denominations and mission boards and agencies are already rallying. By 1920, we are assured, all these organizations, large and small, will be in line. There will be something doing then. Meanwhile let us think about it, talk about it, pray for it, and plan to help it on. "Christ for the world we sing"; let us do more than sing!

Applying One's Gains

IT would be interesting to know how many of our readers have attended a Summer Conference in 1919. Such conferences are yearly growing more and more definite in their courses. The Interchurch World Movement this year took over the conduct of those Young People's Conferences formerly managed by the Missionary Education Movement. With standardized programs and carefully chosen teams of leaders it has been sought systematically to cover the country with a campaign of education. Church life and work, the social message of Christianity, missionary claim and opportunities, the world after the war, these and other subjects of discussion have been treated once more and with fresh adaptation in denominational and union conferences from the Isles of Shoals, off the Massachusetts coast, to Seabeck on Puget Sound.

Now the summer is over, pastors and people are returning, churches are reopening or speeding up their activities, the work-time of the church's year has again begun. The question presses, what is to become of all the new information, ideas, suggestions, inspirations which were imparted to our people, older and younger, in these Summer Conferences? Are the churches to get the advantage of them? Or are they to be pigeon-holed and forgotten?

Grand Rapids October 22-23

SUGGESTIONS as to the particular interest and importance of this year's annual meeting appear in the advertisement on the back page of our cover. They are only hints of the feast of good things being prepared and that will be crowded into four swift moving sessions. The missionary world is alive with fresh problems and appeals. It is a time of big things that command the careful attention of the best minds and hearts.

No state in the Union has been more prosperous during the war than Michigan. Its group of cities has grown phenomenally in population, industry, and wealth; and Grand Rapids is the second city in the list. Time and place invite such a gathering as is anticipated, a great rally of Congregational folk, not only from the Middle West, but from all parts of the country, to deliberate and to take action through the meetings of the National Council, our sister national missionary societies, and the American Board for the maintenance and the *advance* of our Congregational enterprise at home and abroad.

The Tercentenary campaign is turning into its fifth and closing year; the International Council is just ahead in 1920. Congregationalists are called now to be awake and alert, to make their great contribution to the world's redemption. Other denominations are pressing forward wonderfully in zeal for the new times and their responsibilities therein. We must not fall short. It is a time to get together; to listen, to consider, to devise, and *to rally for advance.* "Grand" and "Rapid;" may those words picture the flow of thought and of purpose that shall characterize the Grand Rapids meetings.

A "CLOSE-UP" PICTURE DURING A VOLLEY-BALL GAME

OUR SOCIAL WORK IN JOHANNESBURG

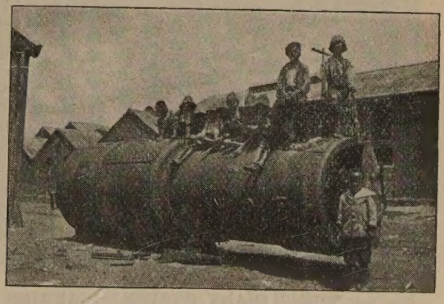
By Rev. RAY E. PHILLIPS

WHAT the natives working in the Johannesburg mines need and appreciate in the way of recreation has been the subject of careful investigation and experiment by the social department of our mission here for the past five months. Four of the branch churches, located among large compounds, were used as bases of experiment. We visited them regularly and put on programs of songs and games, used radiopticon and stereopticon, and made a beginning in outdoor athletics. At one of the mines we shall have a volley-ball court in operation in a few days.

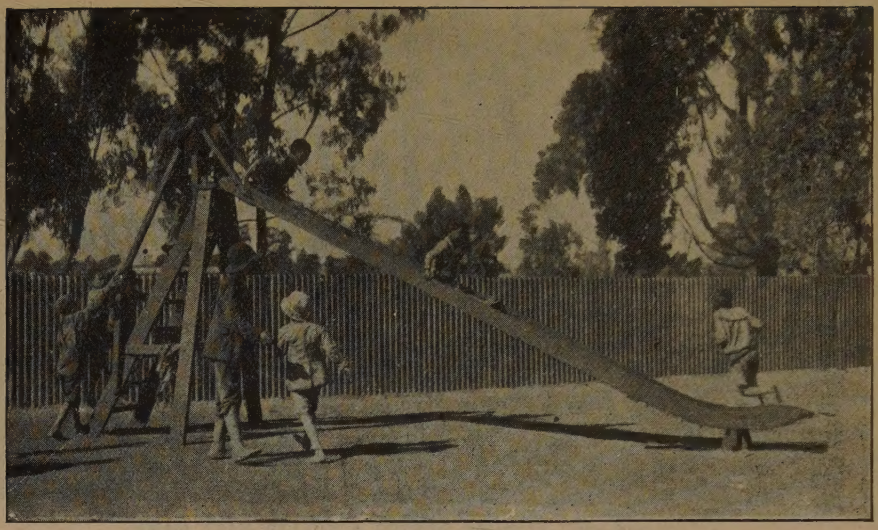
The native boys are not slow in expressing their appreciation of these good times. After visiting a mine on one occasion, I found it necessary to leave a part of my equipment behind in care of the evangelist. He asked permission to use it till I returned. When I came back two days later, he told me that he visited two mines on the evenings intervening. At the first one he called the Christian boys together—about sixty of them—and from six o'clock until *midnight* they had the time of their lives. At the second mine he had seventy-three Christian boys and they carried on until 10.30. After an evening of play with the mine boys we are always careful to close with a hymn or two and prayer.

THE NEW PLAYGROUND

The American Board will have the unquestionable distinction of starting the first supervised playground for native children in Africa, and so far as we are able to learn, the first for chil-



IN A MINE COMPOUND



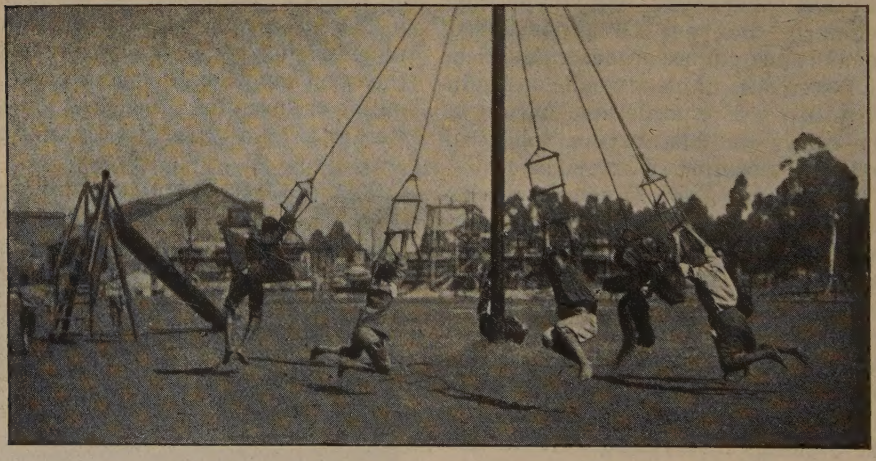
THE ATHLETIC SLIDE

Made of solid teak; will last a lifetime. Little kiddies don't seem to tire of going up and down — but alas for their trousers!

dren of any color. We have a large piece of land fenced off near the slum area of the city and it is a "going concern," in use daily by kiddies, great and small. A real, genuine athletic slide is in one corner; in another is a "Giant Stride," an invention hitherto quite unknown and bound to make a sensation with young Africa. The Chief Inspector of Schools in Johannesburg consented formally to open these grounds, the cream of the city's men and women were guests (the indispensable tea being served), and the native children showed the games and "stunts" they had been taught on the playground, by way of entertainment.

THE "EDUCATED BOYS' CLUB"

This has got as far as a constitution. Its name is Gamma Sigma—first letters of the Greek words mean-



THE "GIANT STRIDE" CARRIES SEVEN JOYFUL PASSENGERS AT ONCE

It utilizes in a healthful way enough energy to heat and light the whole city of Johannesburg

ing "know thyself." These words mean a great deal and can be made the platform for innumerable talks. If one knows himself, for example, he ought to know the world he lives in, its past history, its Creator, etc.

Most of the educated boys here in Johannesburg are outside the church. Many of them have good positions and are earning good salaries. They feel the pull of the world and have the means of satisfying these new and strong desires. They are "educated" —can read and speak English fairly well—and feel above the fellows who cannot. The Zulus, who furnish most of the educated lads, are proud and look down upon the East Coast boys and those from the Transvaal with whom they work. They are a very small class in comparison with the uneducated hundreds of thousands, but they are leaders in times of trouble. So our Club aims to get them together and fit them for leadership for good.

Pastor Ngcobo, the new minister of Central Church here, is heartily in favor of this Club and will do all in his power to help it along. One possibility will be the opportunity of having prominent European officials and others interested in native affairs, speak to the boys about their interests. This may do something to alleviate the spirit of unrest and distrust prevailing among the natives here now.

A SOCIAL CENTER NEEDED

We seriously need a building in the heart of the city, something after the plan of a Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Bridgman has foreseen this and we already have invested in a lot which is strategically located at the intersection of five streets, all of which are thoroughfares for the native population. The lot is large enough to accommodate two buildings, one the Social Center and the other the new Central Doornfontein Church, which is badly needed. At the present cost of building materials the funds in hand do not warrant beginning the structures, but we look for lower prices sooner or later. Our work is already curtailed for lack of suitable meeting places—and for the lack of twenty-five evenings in each week in which to care for the

A "STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL"

Boys from the Porter Academy Y. M. C. A., Tehsien, go each Sunday afternoon to tell Bible stories and teach stories to children. The two lads whose charge this group is, are standing at the back

THEIR PLAYGROUND A SLUM STREET

many enterprises already springing up!

We are glad we are here and are at work with the Bridgmans. Nothing has been done without the advice and coöperation of Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Bridgman. If their spirit, advice, sympathy, and inspiration can be injected into this new endeavor it is bound to succeed. It is the spirit of Christ, applying its healing, loving touch to the problems of playless kiddies, wayward boys and girls, and lonesome, tempted young men.

THE SORROWS OF A NON-PARTISAN

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.

VERILY "these are the times that try men's souls." Perhaps such times come as periodically as the seventeen-year locusts.

Let a man for Christ's sake love all the peoples of the Far East and at once, if non-partisan, he is in trouble. If he try even to give, not his own view, but that of the Japanese, then the Chinese are after him in hot protest. Does he speak in behalf of the Koreans? Then the Japanese count him fit for treason, strategems, and spoils. Does he say a good word for China? Then he may receive a blast from two other countries.

A few years ago one could praise or blame any and all the so-called "Mongolians," and who cared? The man on the street lumped these very differing peoples all together, for he depended upon the stage, the novel, the "movies," or the cheap newspaper for his impressions and information.

Now, the new Asia suffers from her growing pains, and we suffer in sympathy. What Japanese, in our childhood's day, took thought of "trade routes," "the open door," "spheres of influence," etc.? What Chinese? What Korean? Except for tea, silk, trade, or dollars, what did the average American care for a third of the race? Only a few prayed and knew what A. B. C. F. M. stood for.

So we shall glory in our tribula-

tions. The signs are heartening. A friend of Japan for fifty-three years, when he first at New Brunswick met and taught the first Japanese students, has in 1919 his own ideas of the situation. Yet, if it took a thousand experts at Versailles eight months to make a treaty, how can one in a few words explain things? Chaos must precede creation in the making of worlds.

Without pretending to luminosity or cyclopædic knowledge, or attempting a three-hour senatorial speech, let me say what lies at the bottom of the three-cornered dispute in the Far East.

Japan is the one nation of Asia that is both self-governing and economically and politically able, at present, to hold her own in the race of civilization. She is determined upon one thing, on which hang several matters of importance that are as life and death to her. For this she will spend her last dollar and shed her blood, in the last ditch. Japan has determined:—

1. That China shall not fall into the hands of any foreign power, to be either conquered or exclusively exploited. Japan's economic life, trade, supply of raw materials, especially iron and coal, depend on China. When she entered upon her new career of progress, instead of independence, she became dependent upon China.

2. The overland trade routes to Europe shall be kept open. Japan must manufacture and sell, and therefore have markets and open trade thoroughfares. England's old problem is now hers permanently.

Grant that her methods and temper are exactly like those of old Europe —and I do not excuse, but explain, that she is imitating the "nation of shopkeepers" that lives on an island, like herself, and has seen to it that coaling stations, colonies, "British interests," "supremacy," etc., must become available. Like England, Japan must secure for her new life raw material, trade routes, markets, a place for her surplus population, etc. Grant it all. We can see why Japan is under fire.

To one of detached mind, it is almost comical—this fury of our senators over the idea of "Tokyo dominating the world," the outbursts of our yellow press over the menacing curse and flood of Japanese immigrants, etc., the printed circulars of the "*Bee*," that tell us of "Hawaii Lost, California Struggling, The Nation Menaced," etc.

And all this, when in 1914 Russia had over forty per cent, Great Britain over thirty, and France over twenty per cent of grip, hold, and influence in China, while Japan is simply seeking five per cent; and, with twenty times the more vital need, wants only a fraction of what European Powers already have.

After our Mexican war of 1846-48, our Spanish war of 1898, what American can throw stones at Japan?

To one who knows the story of the century-long European aggression in Asia, the present and recent actions of Japan show how contagious is old example and how feeble is mere profession. Personally, I am glad that Japan stopped future European conquests in Asia.

Meanwhile, neither I, nor any decent American, can approve of:—

1. The militaristic grip on the government of Japan, which has demoralized education and morals, upset old and noble ideals, hindered real progress, and taxed the people almost to rebellion. Japan has imitated Prussia too closely.

2. The brutality of her policy in Korea, ever since the assassination of Ito. Here, too, has the model of Germany been slavishly followed.

3. Her too close imitation of the old European diplomacy in China. The disease is infectious and Japan needs to shake herself free from moral alliance with the Hun.

Nevertheless, I see signs of freedom

from these dominating influences within Japan herself. Without overworking the German scapegoat, her over-centralization and the grip of the military clansmen, who have more or less brutalized her for forty years, are loosening, even to deterioration, and possibly to speedy dissolution. Her dogma of mikadoism has been made an engine, not of blessing, but of oppression. It has, to a degree, enslaved her people.

So, making no pretense to fathom all the deeps of diplomacy or national policy, I hold to my faith in the Japanese. I have known them intimately for over half a century. They have so often surprised the world and themselves by turning to the right that they will not surprise me if they do the fair thing in 1919. The noblest trait of a Japanese is his willingness to change and do right when he sees that he is in the wrong.

I may add that slowly, surely, steadily, Christian sentiment is rising in Japan. Bushido (the war-man's code) is slowly giving way to go into its primitive darkness. Hei-min-do (the culture of the common man) is becoming as visible as the upspringing light of the Orient dawn.

God reigns.

Ithaca, N. Y., July 18, 1919.

NACHOD AND COLPORTER NAGEL

AMERICAN BOARD missionaries have often preached under the shadow of the castle which appears in the picture of Nachod, herewith. In Nachod, Dr. A. W. Clark tells us, the mission had three congregations whose men, including the preacher, were swept into the late war. Only the children, women, and old people remained, but they have met every Sunday for prayer.

Nachod is in East Bohemia, and lies two and a half miles from the Prussian frontier, on the River Metau and the

THE OLD CASTLE AT NACHOD, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Chocen-Halbstadt Railroad. On the north side of the town is a fine castle, on the hill. The town and the castle were founded in the year 1254 by the Bohemian nobleman, Hrom. Later it changed hands very often. In 1456 it was owned by the Bohemian king, George of Podebrad. In 1583, Albert of Wallenstein, duke of Friedland, was born in this castle. In 1642, Count Picolomini, an Italian adventurer, received the castle with all the estates as a gift from the Austrian emperor, because he helped to assassinate Wallenstein. Under Picolomini, the Bohemian people were maltreated and persecuted. At present the castle with the land estates belongs to Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, a German. In this castle the present Queen of Wurtenberg was born.

COLPORTER NAGEL OF LODZ, RUSSIA

Converted in connection with the American Mission in Nachod, then Bohemia, now Czechoslovakia. He has a life-long license to preach in Russia. He speaks Bohemian, Polish, German, and Russian. He disappeared early in the war, but it is hoped that he is still living, and if so he is at work

Nachod has a population of about ten thousand. The most important of its industries are spinning mills, spinning mill schools, weavers' mills, and bleaching mills. It is nestled in a valley on the gate-road from Germany into Bohemia. Many a battle has been fought here, the last one in 1866, in the Austro-German war.

In the mountains and valleys around Nachod, even during the severest times of persecution, evangelical professors lived in secret hiding places. About the year 1870, a revival movement started among the weavers and workers in this region. A free congregation was organized. The leaders of this movement came in contact with missionaries of the American Board, especially with Dr. Clark. A little later all these converted people joined hands in the work of the American missionaries and are doing fine work to the present day. With the creation of the Czechoslovak State, in which it is pledged there shall be complete religious freedom, there is great prospect of a bountiful harvest.

AN AFRICAN CHIEF BECOMES CHRIST'S MESSENGER

By Rev. JOHN T. TUCKER, Principal of Currie Institute, Dondi, West Central Africa

THE Ovimbundu people in West Central Africa compose one of the largest and most virile tribes in the tropics. From remote times they have been famed as traders, this fact giving rise to the remark of a celebrated Portuguese traveler, that he had explored many districts of Africa where no white man had ever been seen previously, but never had he visited any part of Central Africa where the Ovimbundu were unknown. When the American Board established its famous mission among the Ovimbundu, the strategic position of the people and their characteristic trading spirit were determining factors in selecting this tribe as the most suitable among which to begin the immense task of evangelizing West Central Africa.

The foresight of the officers of the Board and of the pioneer missionaries has been demonstrated again and

THE FIGURE AT THE LEFT IS ULIKA, THE HERO OF THIS STORY

again. A new and striking indication of this comes to hand in the letter cited below. The story of how Ulika Kangoi came to settle among the Ovimbundu takes one back to the old days of tribal forays and slave raids, captives of war being sold to those offering the greatest quantity of cloth. Ovimbundu traders on one of their tours bought Ulika Kangoi and brought him to Bié, where he came under the influence of the gospel, passed through the testing period of the catechumenate, was received into the church, and finally used as an evangelist and teacher among the Ovimbundu. In the course of time the Portuguese government formally abolished slavery, and many slaves who had become Christians felt a desire to rejoin their own people and tell them of the new life and hope they had found in Christ. Journeying over a thousand miles with his wife and little ones, Ulika Kangoi reached the longed-for goal. How well he and his family have served their Master, Christ, appears from the following letter from Mr. W. F. Burton, a missionary in the far interior, at a center called Indanza Kazimzu, Katanga:—

"In enclosing a letter from Ulika, I'm sure that you will be glad to hear some news of him from others. When he arrived here first we discovered that he is the rightful chief of Niembwa Kunda, a thickly populated salt producing district between Kianbi and Lake Mweru; but like Moses he 'esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt'—and so he left his younger brother in the chieftainship and returned to help us in the work.

"He is now in the somewhat difficult district of Bunda, twenty miles south of here, and as a result of his efforts, with those of his wife, sixteen souls have been brought to Christ. I am

A TYPICAL HEATHEN VILLAGE IN WEST CENTRAL AFRICA

adopting the plan of sending my younger evangelists each to spend three months in his home, that they may learn by practical example that which is very hard to teach merely by precept—how to live, in a native way, a practical, simple, holy Christian life.

"One of Ulika's first converts at Bunda was the younger brother of the chief, and he, too, is now training with me as a Bible teacher and evangelist.

"Haven't you some more Ulikas to send us? My wife often remarks, 'Oh, that we had half a dozen like him!'"

Ulika Kangoi writes:—

"There is much work in this country. The people are in haste to learn. . . . Do pray for us to God our Father. . . . We remember the word of counsel you spoke to us when we were leaving for the interior. . . . After three years I want to visit you again. . . . Greet our missionaries and our brethren among the Ovimbundu."

So spreads the gospel. It is a romantic story. A boy captured in war, in turn sold as a slave in exchange for cloth, remained in servitude in a far-off country for twenty years, during which period he heard the Word which sets men's hearts free. Physical freedom came and the return to his homeland, where the captured chief's son finds he is heir to the chieftainship, but prefers a life of loving service in Christ's Kingdom to that of ruling men's bodies as a despot.

Can we send forth men like Ulika Kangoi as Mr. Burton asks? Yes, if you will support the work with prayer and gifts.

THE CURE OF WITCHCRAFT

By JAMES B. McCORD, M.D., Durban, South Africa

THE black shadow that broods over Africa and has fastened on that fair land the "bad name" of "Dark Continent" can be explained and described by one word—witchcraft.

It is the African's religion, his only religion—a religion of evil. He believes in a multitude of spirits—mostly evil spirits—and an autocratic, unsympathetic super-spirit as the most powerful of all. The air about him and the earth beneath, the woods and the streams are peopled by these spirits, and every article of nature which is supposed to have medicinal or magic properties owes such properties to the spirit which it possesses or which works through it. As a religion it is primitive and it is powerful. The teachings which it inculcates and the practices which it encourages and requires are utterly and forever opposed to the teachings of the Christian religion.

The witch doctor is the great high priest of this religion. You read about him in Mr. Woodside's article in the *Missionary Herald* of last month. He is priest, diviner, and judge. He is also the family physician. He has no knowledge of disease and its rational treatment, but he has a stupendous belief in the power of magic to cure all manner of sickness. Thus qualified he goes forth to relieve the expectant mother in her agony, to treat the baby with its wasting disease due to malnutrition, or to banish the evil spirits from the strong man with the raging fever. And he leaves death and invalidism in his wake.

It is the belief that sickness and all other calamities are caused by witchcraft that holds the African natives in the bondage of fear. It is the belief that only through the magic of the witch doctor can disease be cured that gives him his great power over the minds and hearts of the people. Get rid of the witch doctor and his teachings and we remove the greatest ob-

stacle to the spread of the gospel in Africa and to the enlightenment of the people of the Dark Continent.

But how are we going to do it? That is the problem before the Christian church and the missionary societies today.

You can preach to the natives and you can teach them that their belief in witchcraft is folly and that the witch doctor is a fraud. They simply will not believe you. This belief, this religion, ages old, has too strong a hold on them to be lightly brushed aside.

Moreover, the African native, like other people, must have his doctor when he is sick, and he must have his medicine. The witch doctor, with his magic, is the only doctor available. So long as sickness prevails and so long as he is the only doctor in the field, the witch doctor's position is impregnable and his influence all-powerful.

If we put a better doctor in his place, a Christian doctor, trained in modern medical science, the case is different. The medical missionary is recognized as one of the strongest forces in Africa to undermine the natives' belief in witchcraft and to destroy the influence of the witch doctor.

But the medical missionaries that we can put into Africa are so few that their influence can hardly be felt by the 140,000,000 natives of the Dark Continent. If we should undertake to furnish one doctor for every 10,000 inhabitants, we would need 14,000 doctors, and even that number would be inadequate for the need. To meet Africa's need with medical missionaries from Europe or America is manifestly out of the question.

Now a better plan is available and workable. I propose that we give the Africans themselves a medical education, that we replace the witch doctor with a man of his own race and color, but well grounded in the tenets of the Christian religion and thoroughly trained in modern medical science. The salvation of Africa must eventually come through the efforts of the African himself. When every community has its native preacher and native teacher and Christian native doctor, the day of the witch doctor will have passed and the day of Africa's redemption will be at hand.

This is a good-sized proposition and it cannot be done in a day. But if the 120 doctors, more or less, who are now doing medical missionary work in Africa could combine their efforts in missionary medical schools in various parts of the continent, one generation might see Africa well equipped with well-trained native medical men, each one a missionary to free the people from their dread superstitions of former generations.

I am planning, on my return to my work in Natal and Zululand, to open a medical school for the Zulu young men, and to prepare them to go out among their own people and help them in their sickness and, by their influence, to free them from their old-time superstitions and their bondage to the witch doctor.

It is fitting that this work should begin among the Zulus, for they easily lead the other African tribes in initiative, intellect, and character. While the work will be primarily for the Zulus, we trust that it will be the beginning of a work that will extend throughout the continent.

The Zulu is capable of receiving a medical education. This has been proven by numerous instances in which Zulu young men and women have entered European or American colleges and universities, where they have shown that in ability they are little, if any, inferior to their white fellow-students.

Before entrance to the medical school the Zulu student must have had what is equivalent to an American high school education. More may be required later. There are many Zulus who, at present, can meet this requirement.

The Zulu is keen for a medical education. I have often been asked by the Zulu young men when I would open a medical school for them. I anticipate that when a course in medicine is offered the applications for entrance will far exceed the capacity of the school.

The school must be small at first, probably not more than twenty students. With this number we can give each student careful and personal attention. The course must comprise at least five years of intensive medical study; more if necessary. At the beginning of such an enterprise quality counts more than quantity.

I must have two partners in this work, two missionary doctors ready to devote their lives to it. One of these doctors is already found. The other, I am confident, will be available when required.

But I must have other partners also, financial partners. In addition to the hospital that I now have I must have a building for the school and accommodations for the students. I must have two dwellings for the doctors and I must have equipment for the medical school. As prices were a year and a half ago these will cost $52,000. Besides this I must have $5,000 a year for salaries and running expenses. That is why I want financial partners.

A letter addressed to me, in care of the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, will bring you further information if you are interested in such a partnership.

OUR GREAT NEED

By Mrs. RICHARD S. ROSE, of Barsi, India

Barsi, on the edge of the Nizam's Dominions, is the newest and in some ways the most isolated of the stations in the Marathi Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Rose, the young missionaries there, have a wide and difficult field to till, where custom, prejudice, and inertia are stout obstacles in the way of advance. Yet it is a most picturesque and interesting field, reaching the Mogalai people, whose missionary history is a story in itself; and advance is being made. This plea for the help of a medical arm is a cry out of an eager need.—The Editor.

MORE and more do we realize that the greatest need here is medical work. During the influenza epidemic we were able, by simple medicines and measures, to help a number of people, and we got at that time an entrance into hearts and homes which would have been otherwise closed to us. Day by day we have people coming to us and begging for medicines—mostly for sick babies. The bulk of the people have no faith in the municipal dispensary here, and cannot afford to pay the fees of the private doctors. Their gratitude for our simple medicine is pathetic. There is no medical work for over 20,000 square miles round about us; think of that!

People would listen more readily to our message if we could first of all afford relief to their suffering, diseased bodies. A large hospital here could be full all the time with people, not only from Barsi, but from the immense territory round about, which is destitute of medical mission work. The evangelistic opportunity would be incalculable, not only in the hospital itself, but in following up the sick folks to their villages, where their gratitude for their cure would have created an atmosphere favorable to the reception of what we had to say to them. We ought to have facilities here for meeting the staggering opportunities. Until we can do so, Christianity is not going to get a ready entrance into this conservative Hindu town, where it is difficult to convince even the best educated citizens that we are not paid agents of Government, and that our only object in coming among them is to share with them the Good News that has transformed our own country.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR JULY

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR APPROPRIATIONS

	From Churches	From Individuals	From S. S. and Y. P. S. C. E.	From Twentieth Century Fund and Legacies	From Matured Conditional Gifts	Income from General Permanent Fund	Totals
1918	$26,727.48	$9,153.90	$768.44	$4,981.46	$536.00	$2,973.50	$45,140.78
1919	27,176.96	5,518.00	926.52	8,071.94		3,017.00	44,710.42
Gain	$449.48		$158.08	$3,090.48		$43.50	$430.36
Loss		$3,635.90			$536.00		

FOR ELEVEN MONTHS TO JULY 31

1918	$267,470.74	$49,841.97	$13,482.74	$161,264.56	$31,094.36	$22,789.52	$545,943.89
1919	299,780.43	48,277.71	13,433.11	189,594.06	80,366.67	26,813.89	658,265.87
Gain	$32,309.69			$28,329.50	$49,272.31	$4,024.37	$112,321.98
Loss		$1,564.26	$49.63				

IT LOOKS SERIOUS

ANALYZE the figures above and it will be easy to discover the chief cause of anxiety. Gifts from churches in the month of July gained only $450, not 2% of the total, while for six months past it has been an inspiring conviction that July would produce the greatest increase of any month, for in July there should stand revealed the results of the great December Drive of last year.

In July the churches would naturally send to the societies the six months' proceeds of the envelope offerings. It was hoped the generous increases of the first eleven months, with a total of $32,000, or about 12%, might possibly be equaled in July and August alone, but now comes the loss in gifts from individuals in the month of July of over $3,600. These figures are well worth studying.

THE BARE FACTS

A very careful estimate has been prepared in the last few days in the treasury, and the expenditures of the full year in all branches of the work can now be approximated within a few dollars. The income also is known except from churches and from individuals in the month of August, but this knowledge does not bring encouragement, for THE BOARD MUST RECEIVE FROM CHURCHES AND INDIVIDUALS AT LEAST $38,000 MORE THAN WE RECEIVED LAST AUGUST OR ELSE A DEFICIT MUST BE SHOWN.

It is almost certain that the legacy column will show a falling off of over $35,000 for August alone, because of heavy receipts from this source last year. It looks very doubtful if we can equal the income of last August by this amount; unless receipts from churches and individuals increase notably in the next two weeks there will be a deficit on the year's budget of at least $40,000. Every dollar of loss will increase this deficit. It can be added that this is not a guess, but a careful tabulation of all the financial factors entering into the situation.

But we are not content merely to scrape through. Appropriations should be made *now* to relieve the struggling sacrifice of our native workers and help our missionaries at many points of need. Many have given generously this year through the Emergency Fund and cannot be expected to give again, but there are thousands of the Board's friends who have not made their August gift as yet.

A very few generous gifts of $1,000, a larger number of $50 or $100 Liberty Bonds, and from five hundred to one thousand smaller gifts would make this year one of the most successful in the Board's history. God's blessing has been poured forth upon the Board's work. Its spiritual standards have been upheld. Your missionaries have been privileged to preserve alive many thousands of helpless refugees and have sowed the seeds of Christian character in an hour of human uncertainty.

There is yet time for your gift, for the one column, "Gifts from Individuals," will be left open for a few days if a deficit impends. You will not feel content unless your share of the needed total is included.

NO POLITICS

The recent "News Bulletin" issued by the Home Department carried on its first page a modest editorial concerning world conditions. Every effort was made to avoid a partisan position and it is evident that the angle taken is that of the great majority of pastors and laymen. Certainly it was not intended as a political campaign document.

The following letter will be interesting reading to those who recall the editorial:—

The American Board,
Gentlemen:

The first page of your Quarterly Bulletin just forwarded to me is an outrageous insult to the memory of that *true Christian Idealist*, Theodore Roosevelt, and to every follower of that noble man and hero who believes in "Americanism" and not "Internationalism" as the true policy not only for this country but for the interests of the world.

You make my blood *boil* with indignation setting up that flabby pacifist and half-bolshevist, Woodrow Wilson, as a little god to whom we must all bow down or be characterized as Antichrist.

You owe retraction and apology to thousands of honest opponents of Woodrow Wilson and his League of Nations, who believe they are as good Christians and Congregationalists as the average of his supporters.

WORTH STUDYING

This *Herald* will reach you just in time to supplement the appeal of the little circular recently sent to all Sunday school superintendents regarding the new missionary plans for the fall months. TURKEY IS THE FIELD FOR STUDY. And what an hour to study it! Programs for the young people, stories for the Junior and Primary Departments, an attractive coin card, a Christmas program, are ready for you. Two years ago more than twelve hundred schools used our graded material. Last year less than seven hundred were able to carry through the plans because of the epidemic. Let's bring the record back to the old figure this year—and beyond it. At least fifteen hundred schools should be in line this year when we study our own greatest mission field. Send your order now or write us for fuller details.

FIGHTING FLOOD AND FAMINE IN CHINA

Christian Endeavor Topic
September 28, 1919

Scripture Reading: Acts 3:1-10; Isaiah 35; Psalm 65:1-4, 9-13.

Flood. In China, flood is no strange occurrence. For generations the Chinese have suffered from it, especially in North China, where the Yellow River is commonly called "China's Sorrow." In the great flood in the fall of 1917, 15,000 square miles were under water and between one and two

million people were homeless. In terms more familiar, that means a territory about twice the size of Massachusetts and a population about equal to that of Connecticut! For two years crops had been scanty because of lack of rain, and food prices had been correspondingly high. Then came nine long months of drought, threatening to ruin yet another crop. At the end of July the eagerly desired rain began to fall, but it proved to be hardly a blessing. It came in torrents, day after day, until the Yellow River and the Grand Canal overflowed and flooded all the surrounding country—the worst flood in thirty years. Near Tehchow the Grand Canal spread to a width of fifteen or twenty miles within seven days. And this flood, while it was unusually severe, was just one of a long series of them through generations. Why does China suffer so?

One answer is "trees"! Not realizing the relation between hillside forests and safe rivers, the Chinese have stripped the hills of their trees for fuel. When the heavy rains come they are not held back in the hills by firm sod and tree roots, but the water flows rapidly down into the river beds, carrying quantities of solid matter with it. So many times has this happened that the Yellow River now flows between banks of accumulated silt which are actually higher than the surrounding country. When unusually heavy rains come the rivers rise so rapidly that the banks break and the countryside is flooded.

During the flood of 1917 hundreds of little Chinese villages with their mud and straw huts were wiped out, like a child's sand piles on the seashore, by the incoming tide. The people of one village, to save themselves and their crops, would open the protecting dikes to drain off the water, only to send greater destruction to some other village down the stream. Within a few days 65,000 refugees were in Tientsin alone, and about 120,000 were within the city and its suburbs. Other cities faced similar conditions.

Famine. It is said that eighty per cent of the conversation of the common Chinese has to do with food! The scanty food supply is the problem of every day, generation after generation. We have seen already that one cause of famine is the flood. But in parts of China where floods are not common there is still famine. There it can be traced to the archaic methods of the Chinese farmers, who still use a plow that barely scratches the soil. They know about the rotation of crops and are past masters in the art of raising crops where we should think it impossible. Tiny plots of ground are made to yield their portion, the steep hillsides are terraced and carefully cultivated. But, even then, China is hungry.

Where the missionary comes in. The Christian missionary is helping China face these twin problems, flood and famine, not only by caring for the victims when disaster comes, but also by beginning and encouraging everywhere the work of prevention. China has an Arbor Day—started by a missionary—to encourage the planting of trees and the gradual reforesting of her barren hillsides. China has a cooperative farming enterprise which has proved that "waste" land can be used—started by a missionary. China has a School of Forestry—started by a missionary—in connection with Nanking University and now so appreciated that the Chinese government sends some of its ablest young men there to study. China has many Experiment Farms like ours at Shaowu—started and carried on by missionaries—where the Chinese are learning many lessons in scientific agriculture, stock raising, dairying, and numerous other up-to-date enterprises.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

CEYLON

Three Weeks on Karadive

Mrs. Giles G. Brown, of Manepay, Ceylon, is as enthusiastic a believer in "handpicking" methods of evangelism as is her husband, accounts of whose work we have already given. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, accompanied by Miss Susan R. Howland, who has been in Ceylon as one of the Woman's Board's workers since 1873, made a three weeks' visit, with evangelistic purpose, to the island of Karadive, some distance to the north of Jaffna, and we quote Mrs. Brown's account of their experiences:—

"This island is about five miles long and two and one-half wide. One of the most important churches of our mission is centrally located in the most thickly settled portion of Karadive. The whole population is reckoned at 12,200. Our Christian community counts about thirty-five families, the most influential on the island. For two generations or more the people, both Hindus and Christians, have been sending their boys to colleges and their girls to boarding schools. In the Tamil settlements of both Ceylon and the Straits Settlements there have been a good many eminent men whose birthplace was Karadive.

Christian Hospitality

"We went to Karadive taking supplies and furniture enough to live comfortably in a native house for three weeks. On arriving we were told by the pastor that a Christian woman, whose sons and daughters have all gone to the Federated Malay States, leaving her alone in a good stone house, had offered to place it at our disposal.

"For three missionaries to take up their residence even for a few weeks among them was a thing before unknown and was a seven days' wonder. We made it our first aim to visit the families of the church, going out early in the morning. In the afternoons the women upon whom we had called would return our visit; they would bring us eggs or fruit, or perhaps send us a fish or a chicken. Several women saw that we had fresh milk while we were there. We could not get away at all afternoons, as not only Christians but many Hindus came to call on us; especially the women who in their girlhood had been Miss Howland's pupils at Uduvil were tireless in attentions to us.

Nineteen Options

"We called to our aid two earnest Bible-women from Inuvil and Uduvil, and they, with the wife of Pastor Isaac Paul, of Karadive, went out into the villages every morning and afternoon holding little prayer meetings, first of the Christians, and then accompanied by them going to the Hindu women's homes. We had some evening meetings with stereopticon pictures—a thing before unknown in the country districts. All the time we were planning and working up to a special day of consecration. We called special speakers from Manepay and Uduvil, and as we had made the efforts in some ways especially for the women, the speakers dwelt on Social Service, The Training of Children, The Pledge for Service, Home Influences, Village Work, etc. The afternoon meeting closed with presenting the pledge for the Karadive women to sign—a pledge naming nineteen different kinds of Christian service from which they were to choose and mark as many as they would promise to undertake for

a year. Each point was fully explained to them and they studied and signed with great seriousness.

"In the evening (it was moonlight), the church members came together and the observance of the Lord's Supper made a fitting close to a day of inspiration and consecration."

INDIA

Impressions of Two Young Recruits

Rev. and Mrs. Emmons E. White joined the Madura Mission in 1917. They have been busily studying the language (Tamil), learning the ways of missionaries and the needs of their new field, and not long ago they put on paper, for friends in America, a résumé of their most important impressions—and sensations! We quote first from Mr. White:—

"What is South India like? Well, take a big chunk of Utah state, put some lovely blue mountains on its western border near the sea; distribute a few other smaller rocky hills toward the center; put lots of Mississippi-water-colored reservoirs or tanks here and there; wherever you can put vivid green rice fields, and plant a lot of moplike palmyra trees in the landscape, or here and there a grove of beautiful cocoanut trees; line every road with the picturesque banyan, or date trees; and by every reservoir put at least one little village, and you will get a fair picture of South India.

August All the Year

"Hot? If you call it hot where the temperature never goes below 66° F. in the day, on the plains, and may go as high as 150° in the sun, then India is a torrid proposition. There is not any rain here except during the months of September, October, or November, and even that has been known to fail. The rest of the year the land not irrigated by tanks and canals is baked into a hard, clayey cake.

THE GAME OF JHUM PORI JHUM IN INDIA
It looks very much like "Hold Fast All I Give You"

"When you understand the climate, you have begun to understand the people and how they live: in little, squatty mud huts; as to clothes, the percentage of complete suits is said to run as follows: women, 40 per cent; men, 20 to 25 per cent; little boys, 5 per cent; babies, 0 per cent. When you see these people you get a vivid comprehension of a Biblical phrase like, 'He girt up his loins.'

"There are schools in the larger villages and towns which the government aids financially, and the higher classes are at least literate; but the mass of the people can neither read nor write, nor do many of them greatly care about it.

"I am not going to quote statistics, but I will say that in this part of India the American Board's Madura Mission is 'on the job.' Village, boarding, normal and high schools, and an A No. 1 college or two are steadily leavening the masses. Yet—oh, the thousands of small villages and the tens of thousands of people as yet unreached! It is a problem which both the Indian church and the Christians of other lands must solve by working together."

As the "White Amaal" Sees It

This joint letter is dated from Tirumangalam, some twelve miles from

Madura City, and Mrs. White's part of it tells of some of the experiences of the two young folks—the only white people in the vicinity:—

"All our doings are watched with the greatest interest and are a matter of town gossip. Some of the folks have never seen white people before and a great many have never seen a white 'Amaal,' as they call me. One day we rode in a bullock cart to a nearby village with four coolie women trotting after us half the way, that they might look their fill at this strange white 'Amaal.'

"We live right in the center of the village with the little mud thatched huts of the Mohammedans on two sides of our compound, a street in front of us and an open field used as a public latrine, on the other side. Our compound is like an oasis in the desert, for we have quite a few trees, shrubs, etc.

"Besides the bungalow in which we live is a little church, built after the style of old New England, except there are no pews; every one sits on the floor. Then there is a small Hindu

A VILLAGE CONGREGATION IN SOUTH INDIA

girls' school near the front gate, the pastor's and teachers' houses, and last, but not least, our boys' and girls' boarding schools. They are two small buildings, used as schoolrooms by day and as bedrooms by night. The children pay about twenty-four cents a month for board and tuition. They are to be my special province, when I have passed my Tamil examination, and already I fully enjoy every minute I am with them."

Convincing Testimony from an Indian Judge

At the Kodaikanal Missionary Conference on May 23, last, Rao Bahadur W. L. Vankataramiah, B.A., District Judge of Nellore, delivered an address on "The Progress of Christianity in India." We wish we could print it entire. The following paragraphs will show his appreciation of the work of Christ through the missionaries:—

"Time would fail me were I to attempt even a bare mention of all the forward movements in India that Christianity has inspired, aided, or inaugurated. For what Christianity has done in regard to the education of women and the recognition of their lawful place in the home and society, India owes a debt that can never be repaid save by undying gratitude. In the matter of medical relief of suffering womanhood, Christian charity again led the way.

Exalting Them of Low Degree

"The depressed—a more appropriate term would be 'oppressed'—classes are the object of much solicitude now-a-days, alike to the state and to private philanthropy. Christian effort forestalled them about a century ago. Christianity has held out the right hand of fellowship to the outcastes, the untouchables, the Pariahs; and today their children sit in high places and move as equals amongst their fellowmen. See what Christianity has done in the Telugu country for the degraded and despised Mala and Madiga. Their transformation has been nothing short of a miracle.

"I wish you knew a certain Telugu pastor I know. Looking at his refined and thoughtful face, watching his easy grace, and hearing him pray or preach in polished Telugu, you would scarcely

A CHRISTIAN TEACHER AND HIS WIFE AT HOME (MADURA MISSION)

believe that his people are mostly coolies, domestic servants, or village serfs. Scores of men from these sections of the community have had a university course, many of them taking a good degree. They are pursuing honorable careers, as pastors, teachers, medical men, and in government service.

"Not long ago a young girl of this class took the B.A. degree, and has consecrated her gifts to the service of her countrywomen as a teacher in a high school. I was privileged to witness the ovation she received from an assemblage of Brahmans, Sudras, Mohammedans, and other classes, at a public meeting convened to congratulate her. It was a scene I cannot easily forget. The health of a Madiga (Chuckler) girl proposed and seconded by two leading Brahman gentlemen; Telugu verses especially composed in her honor and recited with feeling by a wealthy Reddi gentleman; and then the girl graduate's modest reply in chaste and well-chosen English.

A Modern Miracle

"Another scene I recall with praise and thankfulness: a scene in a crowded court of justice. A Madiga Christian girl, who with her newly wedded husband had been set upon by highway robbers and despoiled of all her worldly goods, and whom death had robbed a few weeks later of her husband, was practically the only witness to identify the prisoner, a Mohammedan cart driver, as one of the gang of Dacoits. But her demeanor in the witness box was so frank and dignified, her testimony so transparently honest, and so obvious was her anxiety not to swerve by a hair's breadth beyond the limits of the strict truth, that a jury of high caste Hindus felt no hesitation in accepting her almost uncorroborated evidence and returning a verdict of guilty.

"If you knew the community to which that girl once belonged, their unspeakably filthy and squalid physical environment and condition, their utter lack of moral sense, their servility, their terrible state of degradation, you would bow your heads in deepest thankfulness for this miracle that Christianity has wrought, a miracle greater than was wrought on the demoniac of Gadara, or when the eyes of Bartimeus were opened. The jury, the pleaders, the court clerks, the visitors present—I wonder if they, too,

praised and glorified God, if they realized what Christ can do, even today, for the lowest and meanest of the human race.

"That truthful, because God-fearing, Madiga girl is but a type of hundreds of her humble sisters, who, as teachers in government and mission schools, as Bible-women in Hindu homes, as nurses in hospitals, and as medical women, are daily bearing witness to the transforming, nay transfiguring power of Jesus of Nazareth, that crucified Christ, who is unto the Hindu as he was unto the Jews and Greeks of old, a stumblingblock and foolishness, but unto them that are called, whether Jews or Greeks or Hindus—aye, even unto the poor, despised outcastes and untouchables—the power of God and the wisdom of God. How much poorer would be the India of today without these men and women whom Christianity has raised from the very depths of degradation, purified and transfigured, and sent out to minister to others, carrying with them the fragrance and stimulation of consecrated character."

CHINA

Quoted from Shaowu Letters

The Living Picture Tells

As at home, so here, there comes an age when the street is more attractive than home or church. There is a big "Who will help such" question waiting to be answered for these boys. Sometimes they surprise you with their questions and remarks. Just after Christmas a boy joined me at the city gate. "Say," he remarked, "you had great doings at your church last night, didn't you?" "Oh, you went, did you; what did you like best?" "The play about gambling and drinking. That was great fun!" "Did you say gambling and drinking were fun?" "No—O! if you gamble you lose; if you drink you kill people. Wah! Now I won't dare do those things!" So what had distressed the missionary had evidently hit home here.—*Josephine C. Walker.*

From Han Mei School

This year we graduated only two boys from our middle school, which is our highest grade and corresponds to high school in America. Our present highest class contains nine. After they are graduated from this school some go to Foochow College, some to

GATE HOUSE OF THE BOYS' ACADEMY, SHAOWU

the Theological Training School at Nanking, some directly into business, or teaching, or evangelistic work. One graduate of Han Mei holds a degree from Yale; another is a member of the Chinese Parliament. The Yale man is the son of the East Gate pastor. He has a brilliant mind. He went to Foochow to take the competitive examinations which select students to go to America and study under the Indemnity Fund. He had never had Latin, but he borrowed a grammar and learned enough in one night, which was all the time he had, to pass the examination in that subject. He has been in America eight years, studying law after he finished his arts course.—*Mrs. R. W. McClure.*

The "People's Kingdom"

The Republic has been a disappointment to the people, but this is now the eighth year during which every letter has borne the date "People's

Kingdom," such and such a year; and so has every tombstone. The farmer uses baskets for carrying produce to market, and every new one has on it his name and this dating. This has an immense educative effect.—*Rev. J. E. Walker, D.D.*

Pastor Kuan's Hospital

The energetic and versatile pastor of Yang-K'ou church, one of the outstations of Shaowu Mission, has established, of his own initiative and by his own efforts, a small hospital in connection with his church. Pastor Kuan's kindness, wisdom, and real Christianity are known far and near and his influence is remarkable. A recent letter reports that $4,100 have been paid in on subscriptions toward the hospital, almost wholly from Chinese sources. During the fighting between the northern and southern soldiers, some months ago, the building was full of wounded soldiers and these were treated by Dr. Pung, a pupil of Dr. E. L. Bliss, of Shaowu, assisted by Dr. Henry Ch'en, son-in-law of Pastor Kuan, who had also studied with Dr. Bliss. These two men had been well trained in dressing wounds and were successful with the wounded soldiers.

A Schoolgirl Reporter

One of the girls who came from an adjoining province to attend the Shaowu girls' school has the gift of expression and is often asked to use it on behalf of her school comrades as well as for herself. As to coming to school she writes:—

"Our Kiang-si province has many million people; of all these only a very few girls have a chance to go to school. You can travel a hundred miles and find no woman who can read. We heard had a large school at Shaowu. We think of it by day and by night, a long, long time. Afterwards God who gives all good things gave us the opportunity to come to Shaowu to study and the journey was very hard and very far. We have not afraid the journey. We took seven days to made it. Wheelbarrows carried our trunks and our bedding as well as ourselves. We hope afterward can return and teach other girls in our province."

This same girl writes about an event in the mission:—

Annual Meeting

"The women met at the North Gate. Each Christian woman tried to bring one or more who had not yet learned to know Jesus as Lord. One afternoon the women spoke; each of the other afternoons five pupils from our girls' schools spoke about how Jesus frees our bodies, minds, and hearts.

"They said in part: 'Jesus frees our bodies because the know-Jesus-word-women have not bound feet and can study but not-know-Jesus-word-women stay in dark bedrooms and cannot heard very many things. Now Jesus can free women, can free our minds. Our eyes can see Bible and can heard Jesus word. One girl drew picture of a large and small woman. The large woman her eyes were blind and it means that the not-know-Jesus-word-women are very many. The small woman can see, it means know-Jesus-word-women are very few. Another girl brought paper hearts, three kinds; first is black heart, not-know-Jesus-word; second is red heart, the blood of Jesus wash our sins away; third is white heart because our heart washed in Jesus can think good things, pure and true, so if we have black heart ought to beg Jesus wash our sins away. Many others speak other things.'"

Miss Frances K. Bement, who sends us this story, is now home on furlough. She says that during the last ten years of her connection with the Girls' Boarding School in Shaowu she has seen seventy-five girls go out from it as Christian workers.

The Story of a Probationer

Having returned from a three weeks' touring trip among some of the outstations of Tunghsien, Chihli Province, of the North China Mission, Rev. W. B. Stelle sends a brief story of some of the newly baptized Christians and of those who received their certificates of probation. We quote one of the latter:—

A Bad Odor at Fragrant River

"One of the probationers at Fragrant River, a young man twenty-two years of age, has a wonderful history. During his early boyhood his father

THE TUNGHSIEN PAGODA

Said to be the highest and most symmetrical of all North China's pagodas, twelve stories above the high foundation walls

was famous throughout all that district for his villainy. He was thoroughly hated and the epithet by which he was known was 'The Odor of a Corpse While Yet Alive.' With increasing age he steadied down and offended less.

"Six years ago the murder of two children occurred in that village. No possible clue could be found. The judge asked, 'Is there an enemy?' No one was known, but later it was said that a quarrel had taken place between the afflicted family and the son of this evil man, because the sheep which he was herding encroached upon their land.

"The youth of sixteen was arrested and confined in prison three years. His father impoverished himself to secure his son's freedom. The son brooded over his unjust imprisonment; the physical strain, through deprivation of proper food, air, and light, together with the unexplained release, unbalanced his mind.

Six Attempts at Suicide

"Six times he attempted suicide—hanging, jumping in a well, locking himself in an unused room, where after many days he was discovered through coughing, etc. He frequented country fairs, abruptly taking part in the theatrical performances, and the people liked to hear him rave the medley which he recited. Last fall the assistant preacher, passing him on the street, handed him a Christian tract entitled, 'God's Wonderful Universe.' He read and memorized it and recited it everywhere. In the winter some one asked him for the tract and he gave it, going that same night to our chapel to ask for another. He was treated kindly and much impressed.

"At a fair, early in the spring, the local police tried to restrain him by fright, shooting off a gun close to his ear. He stuck his hand before the barrel and his fingers were wounded. He was quiet and assured the police of his forgiveness, because, he said, that was the way the Christians did. The police were all the more fearful that his calm demeanor would mean their punishment and so they attempted to buy him off. He protested that his life was utterly worthless and that he harbored no grudge against them. They supplied him with clothes and some little presents of food, which he accepted. His altercation with the police connected him, by town talk, with our church, and he began attending our services. He responded at

once to the friendship of man and God. His story now included the new peace which he exulted in as God's good gift.

With Quiet Mind and Happy Heart

"Since that time he has practically lived at our church, seeking out odd jobs to support himself, and he has grown marvelously in Christian character. Everywhere he gives his testimony to the power and the love of God. Everybody in all that section knows him. He has a common school education and he likes to read, particularly the Bible. I had heard of him as attending large fairs with our preachers and colporters, and when I saw him at Fragrant River his personality seemed more wonderful than I had thought. Save for rapid speech there is nothing that even points to mental disorder. He looks you straight in the eye and has a thoughtful and attractive face. In his prayers he talks with God and you hear in tears. In the church, on one of the days of a city fair, I heard him speak twenty minutes most impressively. He made a strong appeal for patriotism and for the church, and then gave his personal testimony in a brief and telling way. He said: 'My quietness of mind is proof of God's power to save. And the kindness of the church to me is proof of their genuine friendliness and love. For years no one has befriended me and no one would now but the Christians. My testimony is: the church is the unanswerable call of God's love to you.'

AT KOBE COLLEGE

"He hopes to secure further education, but, whatever his immediate avocation, his one aim is to live and preach the gospel."

JAPAN

Conditions of the Factory Women

From the summary of an article in a Japan newspaper on labor conditions, sent us by Miss H. Frances Parmelee, of Akoshi, we are glad to quote the following:—

"Apart from a few shipyards, the factory system as developed here is largely concerned with female labor, unassertive to a degree. In no industry are strong unions more necessary for the welfare of the workers than the textile, for except in one or two show factories, the conditions in which those girls produce the cheap cottons which form the foundation of Japan's export trade are pitiable.

"According to the latest particulars, as quoted by Professor Kawada, a member of the House of Peers, well known for his researches into labor conditions, there are 500,000 female workers in the country, of whom 300,000 are girls under twenty. Seventy per cent of them live in the factories in conditions no better than those which disgraced England a century ago. Food is coarse. Hours are long. The girls, coming from duty in the morning, after their night work, lie down on the crowded mats which the day shift has just vacated. Tuberculosis, the labor disease, is rampant. None can stand the strain for more than a year when death, sickness, and desertion is the inevitable outcome. The consequence is that eighty per cent of the workers leave the factories

every year; some go home to spread consumption, some to recruit the licensed quarters. It is a gloomy picture."

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AFRICA

The Old-Man-of-the-Mission Dead

Rev. Arthur F. Christofersen, of Esperanza, Natal, South Africa, writing on June 12, says:—

"I have not written to the Board Rooms about an occurrence which might be considered sad by some, though it is full of interest in connection with our work here. And the event of death cannot be considered sad when culminating an earthly life of ninety-three years. In February the Old-Man-of-the-Mission, Dinya Sishe, died. He was one of the first if not the first convert of the American Board in South Africa. He was one of the first native evangelists employed and did a notable work in spite of inadequate training. He was called 'Hero' by the natives in recognition of the fact that he was brave enough to believe the new doctrine brought by the white men. It is stimulating to us to think that all of this great work has been built up from nothingness in the span of a single life. In the power of man these things are impossible, but with God all things are possible."

*

Bible Classes in Johannesburg

"The Men's Bible Class, which meets directly after the Sunday service, is attracting many," one of our South Africa letters tells us. "There is great need here for Bible study, as many men of the church are lay preachers who go out into the tram car stables, mine compounds, etc., and carry the gospel. Few of them have any education, but they are fine Christian fellows and desire to learn more of the Bible. One of the first requests I had from them was that we meet three times a week. There ought to be a branch Bible school here for the education of these boys. And they are a keen lot, for their reverence for the Bible doesn't interfere with keen criticism of Bible characters. When we were reading of Peter's denial of Jesus, one of them came out with the question, 'Now, Mfundisi, do you really think Peter was a Christian then?' And in spite of my explanations, the class was a unit in condemning Paul for refusing to take John Mark with them after his desertion of them on the first journey. This teaching has to be done in Zulu and is a good thing for me, also, in the way of language study."

*

Letters of Gratitude

When the students and graduates of Amanzimtoti Institute at Adams, South Africa, learned that the school's principal, Rev. Albert E. LeRoy, was soon to leave for his furlough year in America, they began to seek means of expressing their affection for him and their appreciation of him. They made use of sundry methods, such as gifts, visits, etc., but some of them "put it in writing" and we have persuaded Mr. LeRoy to permit us to print two of these letters. The first is a more formal document and is signed by ten names. The second is from a former student who is now teaching at some distance from the mission station. Here are the letters:—

Reverend Sir,

In view of your forthcoming departure for the home country, we, the students and teachers of the institution, wish to say how much we have appreciated your services in connection with the school. We feel that in you we have a father who has not spared himself for the welfare of his children. Within a few years from your last furlough, we have seen the inauguration of no less than three departments and the construction of the same number of fine buildings, which, besides adding to the beauty of the place, have made the Amanzimtoti Institute a greater power for good among the Zulus. We have derived a great deal of inspiration from your chapel talks. You have not been satisfied to confine yourself

to the school, but have gone out to the mission stations to give a helping hand there.

We only express the general sentiment of our people when we say that we are very grateful for all your efforts in acting as champion of the native cause in every respect, particularly in education and in general progress.

We thank Almighty God that the American Board sent us a missionary like you.

We would not be doing right if we neglected thanking Nkosikazi for the assistance she has given in the Industrial Department of the school, and for her exemplary motherly care for all of us.

We pray that the Giver of every good gift may shower upon you, Mrs. LeRoy, and the children, rich blessings and many days of usefulness, to protect you from the dangers of the seas and to give you the rest you have so richly earned by your years of unremitting labor for us.

We look forward to your return with renewed health and vigor to resume your work among our people.

My dear Mfundisi,

Always when I thought of Adams, I called it my home because there is a father there who brought me up. Now when I think of it, it shall not mean quite so much as it did while you were there as a father. This has been my very first privilege of expressing my thanks to you, Mfundisi, for the very helpful lessons you gave me at Amanzimtoti. Now you are going back home after so many years of sowing good seed. You look back at the time you began and wonder how big the seed has grown. Perhaps you see it promising to be a beautiful field and perhaps you are disappointed.

I hope never will Mfundisi look at his work as a failure—there is that promise, "My word shall *not* return unto me void." I always like to look back at my three years at Adams with you, and wish they were thirty years. I loved listening to your talks in the mornings, showing us the right way of living. Now when I take out my notebook and read what I wrote then of what you said, I like to think of myself as a student again at Amanzimtoti.

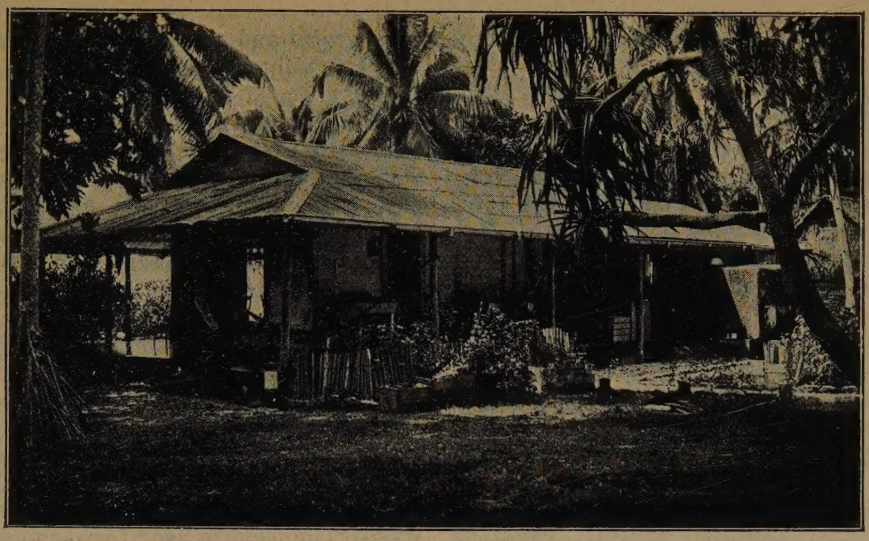
Though I have never before said "Thank you," my heart is full of gratitude, and always when your words give me advice, in a whisper I say, "Thank you, Mfundisi." I am one of the many students you so greatly helped towards the living of a good and useful life. I shall always like to think of you as a father — a father who loves his children and who cares much for their interests. Thank you very much, Mfundisi. I shall always say "Thank you," even if only to myself.

MICRONESIA

The November Typhoon

We have referred once or twice to vague reports and slight allusions which have reached us having reference to a typhoon in the region of the Marshall Islands last November. It takes six months and more for a letter from Jaluit to arrive in Boston, and our correspondents are so burdened with mission and business matters, that a passed typhoon doesn't get the description it perhaps merited. At last, however, Miss Jessie R. Hoppin, writ-

SHOPS AT AMANZIMTOTI



MISSION HOUSE IN MEJURO

ing from Jaluit, in January, tells us about it:—

"The little mission boat, the *Iju Raw*, providentially arrived from the north in time to escape the most severe effects of the typhoon of November 9. As it was, Mr. Milne and the faithful students with him were on board, off Jebwar, three days and three nights without being able to get ashore. They lost their heavy anchor and the brass pins holding the rudder broke, but they saved the boat.

Swept by the Waves

"Butaritari and Makin, the two most northerly of the Gilbert Islands, are much injured. There, as here in Jaluit, the wind blew mostly from the west. Mejuro looks like a wilderness and the food prospect for the Marshalls looks not too cheerful. About 129 died in the storm, a small fraction, perhaps, from the immediate effects of the typhoon, many deaths being caused by the waves.

"The islands have so little elevation above the sea that the tidal wave, which usually follows the wind, does much injury to life and land. The wave did not go over mission property, either at Mejuro or at Roritori, but the wind carried the salt water in sufficient quantities to make everything pretty salt. One of the houses, built from material of a house wrecked by a former typhoon on Kusaie, did not move from its coral stone foundation. The walls were crooked and twisted and the roof gone, but we have rethatched it and made a church from the veranda, the floor of which was almost whole. The old storehouse was also still standing, a friendly cocoanut tree having fallen over the roof in such a way as to hold it down without breaking its back. Some of the iron blew away and some things flying through the air cut holes in it, but the homely thing, made for wear and not for show, stood the storm.

A Pacific Aeroplane

"But the new house—just like the house on the sand in Matthew! If it had been built for a flying machine it could hardly have sailed better. The tall pillars were entirely out of the ground: many were broken in two. The south end of the house moved about thirty feet, in a circle: the north end, the kitchen, moved about ten feet. Kitchen, bathroom, and pantry are without roof, though standing. The back end is on the ground, the front

on a mass of broken pillars. Many things listed as belonging to the house I cannot find.

"Mr. Tomlinson, an American living in Mejuro, tells me that his *cobra* house—a structure made of very heavy wood and supposed to be safe, blew away, leaving only the floor. Not a trace of the wood has been found. The floor of the building, however, on which wife and children were sitting, was left unhurt and they escaped injury."

Miss Hoppin seems to be going from island to island, supervising salvage work and encouraging reconstruction, and is planning bravely as to the school work this autumn, and for evangelistic touring, etc., after the heavy seas and winds have passed.

THE BOOKSHELF

A Pilgrim in Palestine, by John Finley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 251. Illustrated. Price, $2.00 net.

One of the most wonderful interpretations of the coming of the Allied armies to Palestine, as a fulfillment of Bible prophecies and an illustration of Biblical descriptions, has been written by Dr. John Finley, Red Cross Commissioner for Palestine. At home, Dr. Finley was Commissioner of Education for the State of New York. In Palestine he was intimate friend of General Allenby, head of the Red Cross, and "first American pilgrim" after the recovery of the Holy Land. He knows his Bible and it was his ambition to go on foot from Jaffa to Jericho, from Dan to Beersheba, to the regions beyond Jordan, and along many by-paths of sacred story. He took with his own camera the remarkable pictures which accompany his chapters.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Africa and the War, by Benjamin Brawley. New York: Duffield & Co. Pp. 94. Price, $1.00 net.

THE PORTFOLIO

The Tragedy on Their Faces

We have now five to six hundred orphans here. Oh, the tragedy that is written on all their faces! Here is a boy whose father's throat was cut before his very eyes; here is another that saw his father hanged; here one whose father was butchered at the slaughter-house along with the goats and sheep.

Over there is a young girl that came in from the plains, having just run away from the Arabs. She is in rags and her body worn and spoiled from the abuse she has received. Here is a girl, the daughter of one of the richest Armenians in Oorfa, whose father has been killed along with the rest of the family. She seeks refuge here, and now she is being trained into a waitress for our table.

The other night, in making the rounds, we came across a huddled heap in one corner of the yard. I moved it with my foot at first, then stooped down to pick it up and found a little girl with her wee small brother lying there—it was their bed for the night. We brought them in, and then Miss Holmes mothered them and they dropped off to sleep, placing all trust in the strange, kind hand that petted them so gently.

From a relief worker in Oorfa, Central Turkey.

Face Your Own Problem First

A pastor needs to have faced the question whether he himself ought to be a foreign missionary. . . . Many a pastor has no freedom in dealing with

the cause of foreign missions, from a secret fear lest if the truth were known he ought to be a missionary himself. Some pastors secretly know that they never have done justice to the question, and therefore avoid the subject when they can. Every young man who is entering the ministry should fairly meet the question of his duty to enter the missionary work, and settle it honestly, in the sight of God. Only thus can a man be as conscientious in staying at home for his work as he would be in going abroad under the sense of a divine call. . . . Only by passing through such an experience of clear decision can a minister count with certainty upon being a free and unhampered friend of missions through a lifetime at home.

Rev. William N. Clarke, D.D., in "A Study of Christian Missions."

A Chance to Clean Up Turkey

If I could choose a task, I would like to be the sanitary engineer of Turkey —with power. What joy it would be to clean up these unhealthy cities! To spend money on water and sewer systems, or any public improvements, is the last thing in the mind of a Turkish public official. Earthen jars on a donkey is as far as he goes in providing a city's water supply. Yet sweet water is abundant almost everywhere and may be had for the piping. Witness the bountiful water supply brought into the city of Jerusalem by the British since the signing of the Armistice. They accomplished in four months what the Turks had failed to do in 400 years.

Sanitation can be made popular throughout Turkey. Roads can be built; mines opened; city streets widened and kept clean; model houses can be erected, public finances honestly administered, Western agricultural methods introduced, industries encouraged, foreign markets opened, confidence restored, and the age-long system of graft, "rake-off," and Backsheesh smitten hip and thigh. That would be a beginning.

Let America give this land an honest government, let our doughboys bring it security and equal opportunity; then give our school-teachers half a chance at every boy and girl, and the Eastern question will be settled—and settled right for all time.

Rev. Loyal L. Wirt in "The Congregationalist and Advance" of June 26, 1919.

THE CHRONICLE

ARRIVALS IN THIS COUNTRY

June —. In San Francisco, Cal., Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Gillette, of Diongloh, of the Foochow Mission.

July —. In New York, N. Y., Rev. Harrison A. Maynard, formerly of Bitlis, Eastern Turkey, returning for health reasons, after a lengthy term of work with relief parties in Persia and the Caucasus.

July 9. In New York, Mr. and Mrs. Addison H. Chapin and Mrs. James Hunter, of Kamundongo, associated with the West Central Africa Mission.

July 15. In Montreal, Canada, Rev. and Mrs. Edward C. Woodley, of Marash, Central Turkey Mission.

July 16. In San Francisco, Cal., Rev. George Allchin, of Osaka, for thirty-seven years connected with the Japan Mission.

July 22. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. George A. Wilder, D.D., of Chikore, Rhodesia, for thirty-nine years connected with the South Africa Mission; Rev. and Mrs. Alexander MacLachlan, D.D., of Smyrna, Western Turkey Mission. Dr. MacLachlan is president of the International College, in Smyrna, was on duty all through the war, and was placed in charge of the disposition of the relief forces early this spring.

July 23. In Seattle, Wash., Rev. Schuyler S. White, of Tsuyama, Japan.

July 24. In San Francisco, Mrs. George D. Wilder, of Peking, Chihli District, North China Mission; Rev. Clarence A. Neff, of Foochow, China.

July 25. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. Henry House, D.D., of Salonica, Greece, for forty-seven years connected with the Board's Mission in European Turkey and the Balkan States.

July 27. In San Francisco, Cal., Rev. and Mrs. John X. Miller, of Pasumalai, Madura Mission, India.

July 28. In New York, Cyril H. Haas, M.D., and Miss C. Grace Towner, both of Adana, Central Turkey Mission.

July 29. In San Francisco, Cal., Rev. and Mrs. Dean R. Wickes, of Peking, North China Mission.

August 2. In San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. Paul L. Corbin and Dr. and Mrs. Willoughby A. Hemingway, of Taikuhsien, Shansi District, North China Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. White, under appointment to Turkey, but recently of Peking; and Mr. J. Van Wie Bergamini, of Peking, associated with the North China Mission as architect.

August 5. In New York, Mr. Emil Lindstrom, of Ahmednagar, India, more recently connected with Young Men's Christian Association work in Mesopotamia.

Arrivals on the Field

June 15. In Prague, Czechoslovakia, Rev. and Mrs. John S. Porter, returning to the mission.

Sailed for the Field

July 23. From San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. Lester H. Beals, of Wai; Miss Esther B. Fowler, of Sholapur; Miss Jean P. Gordon, of Wai; Miss M. Louise Wheeler, of Sholapur, all returning to the Marathi Mission, India; also Miss Adelaide Fairbank, joining her parents at Vadala.

August 2. From San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. William L. Curtis, of Kyoto, Japan, rejoining the mission.

August 5. From New York, Rev. and Mrs. S. Ralph Harlow, Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Birge, Mr. Vincent L. Humeston, Miss Sarah Snell, and Miss Ruth Perkins, all destined to Smyrna and to the International College and the Collegiate Institute for Girls.

Marriage

August 4. In Goshen, Mass., by Rev. John W. Ballentine, R. F. Markham, of Yale Theological Department, son of Rev. Henry F. Markham, of Topeka, Kan., and Evangeline, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. C. McNaughton, D.D., for more than thirty years missionaries of the American Board in Western Turkey. Misses Janet and Margaret McNaughton, sisters of the bride, the former of whom sailed next day for her work in Constantinople College, were maids of honor. Miss Gladys Lawrence, daughter of Dr. W. I. Lawrence, of Rhodesia, South Africa, and Miss Eleanor Ussher, daughter of Dr. Clarence D. Ussher, of Van, Turkey, were bridesmaids. Dr. G. F. Herrick, whose missionary service in Turkey began sixty years ago, offered prayer, while Dr. F. W. Macallum, of Constantinople, now connected with the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, gave the bride away. After Mr. Markham finishes his course at Yale the young couple expect to engage in missionary work in Turkey, on the staff of the American Board.

Birth

April 7. In Chisamba, West Central Africa, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Gordon Cattell, a daughter.

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Mrs. Giles P. Brown, of Ceylon, in writing to acknowledge the receipt of a shipment of Sunday school supplies, said she hoped she might receive many thousands more of the primary cards "even though second hand and out of date," as it takes some 416,000 cards a year to enable them to give a card a Sunday to the 8,000 Sunday school children. Mrs. Brown is also eager to secure books for small traveling libraries in the Ceylon educational centers. Hundreds of boys and girls are learning English, as well as the many adults who can read and appreciate English books. There is a great lack of good books — juvenile and "teen-age" and simply written stories for adults as well. So Mrs. Brown asks friends in America to send the book they liked best when young, also children's books, to Mrs. G. G. Brown, Uduvil, Chunnakam, Ceylon. Postage, one cent for each two ounces.